

Weekly Star

BY HENRI F. MIDDLETON.

VOL. 17: NO. 28.

[TRUTH AND OUR NATIVE LAND—FEARLESSLY, FAITHFULLY, AND FIRMLY.]

SHELBYVILLE, KY., WEDNESDAY MORNING, JULY 9, 1856.

\$2 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

WHOLE NO. 860.

The Weekly Star,
Devoted to Politics, Literature, Miscellaneous,
and General Intelligence, is published in the
village newspaper published in the State; and
will be sent (free of postage in Shelby county) to single
subscribers, at
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR,
IN ADVANCE.
Or, \$2.50 payable monthly in advance, or by
quarterly payments, at the option of the Editor.
Advertisements will be considered for one year gratis.
50 copies \$2.50; and for each additional copy one cent.
All letters and communications through the post
office to the Editor must be sent free of postage.

The circulation of the Weekly Star is
large, and is constantly increasing. As a medium of
communicating with the public, its general and wide
circulation affords rare opportunities. Terms are as
follows:
For a square, 12 lines or less, one insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, 25 cents
For 12 lines or less three months, 4.00
For 12 lines or less six months, 7.00
For 12 lines or less twelve months, 12.00
Quarter a column 12 months, or a column 3 30.00
Half a column 12 months, or a column 6 60.00
One column for 12 months, 120.00
Regularly advertised and all others sending
communications, or requiring notices, designed to call
attention to any public entertainment, where charges
are made for admission, and all notices of private
enterprises, every notice designed to call attention
to private enterprises, or calculated or intended to
promote the personal or pecuniary interests of any
not persons generally interested; will only be inserted
with the understanding that the same is to be paid for,
at the rate of ten cents per line.
Advertisements not exceeding 100 words, and not
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The Shelby News.

JOHN W. PRIETT, Esq., is our Agent at
Frankfort; and is fully authorized to receive subscrip-
tions and advertisements for the Shelby News, and
to receive and remit for the same.
No. 60, 4th street, west of Walnut, our authorized
Agent, Cincinnati, Ohio, to receive subscriptions
and advertisements for the Shelby News, and receipt
for the payment thereof.

We commend the following article
to our readers. We fully endorse the sen-
timents therein expressed. Not a word of
undue praise is spoken of Judge THOMAS
A. MARSHALL.—Indeed, the writer falls
short of bestowing upon the honored Chief
Justice the commendation he has so justly
earned. We feel convinced, that the people
will, by reflecting him, by an almost,
if not entire unanimous vote, testify their
appreciation of the man,—the citizen,—the
Judge,—so beautifully combined and ex-
emplified in THOMAS A. MARSHALL.

From the Frankfort Commonwealth.
Appellate Judge.—There are no elections
whatsoever, State or Federal, of great
interest to the people of Kentucky than
those which determine what men are to
form their Court of Appeals. The action
of the judicial department of the govern-
ment is brought perpetually home to the
business and dearest rights of all. It not
only constrains and applies the constitution
of the State and United States, and the
whole body of statutory law, to the multi-
tude of transactions of society; but much
the greatest number of legal principles which
regulate them, it has to deduce from the
reason and equity of each case. Our
constitutions having established such a
body of principles of civil liberty and
the most essential personal rights, while
the Judges are learned, able and pure, we
cannot have a very bad government; but if
the Judges are ignorant and corrupt, even
with the additional sanction of wise and
wholesome laws, the government becomes
vicious and oppressive. In power and dig-
nity, the office of Appellate Judge is first
in our government, and to fill it properly
requires the ablest, most learned and vir-
tuous men of the State. So thought the
people of Kentucky, when a Tribune, a Bibb,
a Boyle and a Mills were raised to that
high place because of their great intellects
and deep legal reading. But in this day
of party enterprise and impudent conceit,
a mediocre of the bar, who has won for
himself a small partisan leadership in poli-
tics, sets himself up to fill the judicial office
and flatters himself to be able to achieve it
by the prestige of party.

Now, there is no general influence that
more pervasively reason and depraves man
than active political partisanship—nothing
more thoroughly and positively dis-
qualifies them from properly discharging
the duties of a Judge. No system of fill-
ing the judicial office which could be de-
vised would be entirely free from this prin-
ciple of mischief; but by popular election,
the courts are made much more open to
its invasion, and that too in incomparably
greater strength and rankness. It is now
especially the duty of all good citizens to
guard the purity and the high character of
our courts, by voting for the ablest, most
learned, honest and virtuous men, without
regard to their party politics, to fill judi-
cial offices, and particularly the highest ju-
dicial office.

If the people of this Appellate Judicial
District act upon the considerations here
presented the present Chief Justice, Thos.
A. Marshall, will be re-elected to the place
which he has filled with so much ability,
impartiality, and industry, by their gener-
al vote. Possessing of a strong, compre-
hensive, and well ordered mind,—of exten-
sive, deep and accurate legal reading and
science, and of general scholarship and in-
formation,—diligent, laborious, temperate,
and strictly regular and moral in all his
habits,—highly disciplined, and with a rare
capacity for patient, deep and thorough in-
vestigation,—calm and unperturbed, and
with an impartiality and rectitude of
thought, opinion and judgment alike unaf-
fected by prejudice and partiality,—and by
his whole mental and moral organization,
inaccessible on the bench to political par-
tisan feelings and objects, he honors the
high and responsible place which he fills,
and is worthy to rank among the most emi-
nent and virtuous men who have prece-
ded him. It is no injustice to any one to
say, that by intellectual endowments, by
habits and principles, and moral structure
and organization, there is not a man in the
State of Kentucky better fitted to fill the
office of Chief Justice of the Court of Ap-
peals. To elect him from that bench
would be unjust to him, and what is of
more concern, it would be a reproach to the
district, and a great wrong to that court
and to the people of the Commonwealth.

There is no possibility of Judge Mar-
shall's getting all the votes which will be
given in the election; and yet there will be
none cast against him, which will not re-
sult from a want of a full and thorough
knowledge of the man and judge, from po-
litical partisanship, or from some unwor-
thy personal motive. How insignificant is
the party politics of the day, and the
strength or success of any political party,
in this Appellate Judicial District, con-
trasted with the ability, learning and purity
of the judicial department of the government!
Let every voter before he gives his vote
ask himself these questions: Which is the
ablest and fittest man? Which will most
learnedly and properly discharge the duties
of a Judge of the court of the last resort,
and best sustain its high character? And
those who are inclined to vote against Mar-
shall, let them ask themselves this other
question—If he were of my politics, or
if there were no parties in the country, or
if both the candidates were of the same party,
how would we vote? As men in their
judgments and consciences answer these
questions, so let them vote.

But what will members of the legal pro-
fession do in this election? In addition to
their general duties as citizens, they have
others, distinctive and more individual, to
perform. They are the advocates and de-
fenders of all the rights of life, liberty, re-
putation, and property, which are litigated
in and adjudged by our courts. It is the
most important concern of their clients, and
of themselves, to have upright and learned
Judges. They belong to a profession, to a
class, which from the time of the Roman

Commonwealth to the present day, has
done more than any other, in every age
and country, to establish the liberties of
mankind, and to advance the civilization
of the world. The means by which they
have achieved such an amount of good, has
been, their enlightened appreciation of the
principles of good government and just
and wise laws; and their constant, sleepless
and peaceful but heroic struggles to secure
to their respective countries able, learned,
upright and independent judges. The
lawyers of a country are the especial de-
fenders and guardians of its courts; and it
is their appropriate duty always to interpose
to save the judgment-seat from the degen-
eracy of weakness, ignorance or corrup-
tion. National fame too is won, not less
by great jurists and civilians, than by war-
riors and statesmen. That lawyer whose
consent to the degradation of the judicial
department of the government, is given to
the behests of political party, or to advance
his supposed or real interests and ascenden-
cy, is a recreant member of one of the no-
blest of professions, and ought to be scor-
ned and deposed from a fellowship upon
which he brings shame and dishonor. Let
the people of Kentucky permit all their
able and pure judges, one after another, to
be ejected from the bench, and their places
to be filled by puny political partisans
tools and tricksters, without depth and
breadth and strength of mind, and with
only a modicum of legal attainments, but
a great excess and intolerance of partisan
zeal, as compensation to party for defi-
ciency in intellect, legal attainments, rec-
titude, impartiality and good habits, and
what will become of the fame and authori-
ty of the Court of Appeals of the State of
Kentucky?

From the Baltimore Patriot.
MATTHEW LYON, or VANDERBILT.—The
recent affair in the Senate Chamber gives
interest to the proposed expulsion of Mat-
thew Lyon from the House of Representa-
tives in 1798.

On the 30th of January a motion was
made that "Matthew Lyon, a member of
this House, for a violent attack and gross
indecent, committed on the person of Ro-
ger Griswold, another member, in the
presence of the House while sitting, be, for
this disorderly behavior, expelled;" and
by a vote of 49 to 44, the said resolution
was referred to the Committee on Privi-
leges, and the following resolution adopted:

"That the House will consider it a high
breach of privilege if either of the mem-
bers shall enter into a personal contest
until a decision of the House be had there-
on."

The testimony of John Dayton, the
Speaker, states "that while counting the
ballots, he temporarily left the chair, and
overheard Mr. Griswold make an allusion
to Mr. Lyon having been cashiered in the
United States army, for alleged cowardice
in deserting in outpost near Ticonderoga;
and also his wooden sword," which, on
being repeated, Mr. Lyon spit in Gris-
wold's face."

General Samuel Smith confirms the a-
bove, and states "Mr. Griswold coolly
took his handkerchief out of his pocket and
wiped his face."

David Brooks states "that Mr. Griswold
stiffened his arm as if going to strike, but
on Mr. Dana observing to him, this is not
the place—there is a time and place for
everything," Mr. Griswold wiped his face
with his handkerchief and went out with
his colleague."

On the 12th February a motion was
made to strike out the words, "be, for this
disorderly behavior, expelled therefrom,"
and insert in lieu thereof, "a highly cen-
surable;" and that he be reprimanded by
the Speaker in the presence of the House.
Rejected—yeas 44, nays 32.

February 16th, a motion was made "that
Roger Griswold and Matthew Lyon, mem-
bers of this House, for riotous and disor-
derly behavior, committed in the House
on the 15th instant, be expelled therefrom."
The House, by a vote of 52 to 44, re-
jected the resolution of expulsion, which re-
quired a two-thirds vote, 64—a strict party
vote.

FEBRUARY 23.—The testimony of Mr.
Stetgevans shows that, on the 15th in-
stant, he saw Mr. Griswold beating Mr.
Lyon over the head and shoulders with a
walking stick; Mr. Lyon endeavoring to
evade the blows and extricate himself from
the chairs and desks of the room in which
he stood, and retreated to the fire place,
seized the tongs and closed in; they both
fell to the floor, when they were separated
by the members. The contest was about
to recommence soon after, when the Speaker
called the House to order, which termi-
nated the affair.

FEBRUARY 23.—The following resolu-
tion was offered:
That Roger Griswold and Matthew
Lyon, for riotous and disorderly behavior
in this House, are highly censurable; and
that they be reprimanded by the Speaker
in the presence of this House. Rejected
—yeas 47; nays 48.

It was finally decided that Roger Gris-
wold and Matthew Lyon be respectively re-
quired by the Speaker to pledge their re-
spective words to this House that they will not
enter into any personal contest with each
other during this session; and in case of
the refusal of either of them to make such
engagement, that party refusing be com-
mitted to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms
arm, until he comply with order. Where-
upon they having respectively answered that
they were willing to comply with said re-
quisition, and did pledge their words ac-
cordingly.

Thus the great farce was concluded, and
Joshua R. Giddings, of Ohio, is the only
case of expulsion from either branch of
Congress, and this for the use of inflama-
tory language in debate—tending to a dis-
solution of the Union.

"Hallow," ejaculated an anxious guardian
to his lovely niece, as he entered the par-
lor and saw her in the arms of a swain who
had just popped the question and sealed it
with a smack, "what's the time of day, now?"
"I should think it was about half past twelve,"
was the cool reply, "you see we are almost
one."

Boy! I say, you are engaged at
nothing in particular? Young Gen:—
You impudent young scamp, what are you
hallowing after me for? Boy: Oh, noth-
ing much; only if you ain't, I'd like to
borrow your upper lip, to polish my boots
with.

From the Frankfort Commonwealth. The Charge of Abolitionism against Mil- lard Fillmore.

The political enemies of Mr. Fillmore
in this State, unable to find any truthful
matter to his prejudice to urge against him,
and utterly reckless of truth of fact or po-
sibility of belief, rush into the grossest ab-
surdities of falsehood. A specimen of this
is the charge that Millard Fillmore is an
Abolitionist! Yes, a charge of abolitionism
against the man who signed the Fugitive
Slave Law, and executed it with unflinching
firmness, despite of the denunciations,
and threats, and mobs of Abolitionists.—
Against the man who cast the whole influ-
ence of his administration in favor of the
whole series of Compromise acts of 1850,
and set his executive face like a flint against
Abolitionists at one end of the Union and
Secessionists and Disunionists at the other.
Against the man who presents, as his de-
fense to all such attacks, the record of an
administration the most conservative and
patriotic—the most devoted to the constitu-
tion and the Union, and the most import-
antly just to all parts and sections of the land
—which the country has ever had since sec-
tarianism first breathed its first whisper.—
A charge of Abolitionism against the record!
It is a monstrous absurdity. No man of
sense or candor—we care not what party
he belongs to—can read it, or hear it with-
out emotions of ineffable contempt for its
authors.

In 1848, when Mr. Fillmore was a candi-
date for the Vice Presidency, and less known
to the people of the country than he now
is, this same charge was made against him.
It was refuted then, by his own let-
ters, by the press, by his friends upon the
stump, and by the people at the polls. It
was groundless then; it is utterly inexcu-
sable and contemptible now.

For the purpose of showing how the
charge was then met and refuted, we sub-
join a letter written by Mr. Fillmore in
1848 to Judge Gayle, of Alabama, in an-
swer to one addressed by Judge Gayle to him,
in which the introduction with which the
editor of the Mobile Advertiser preface
his first publication:

Another Locofoco Gun Spiked!—Important
Letter from Mr. Fillmore.

We take peculiar pleasure in laying be-
fore the public the subjoined letter from
Mr. Fillmore, on the subject of Abolition,
which has been furnished us by Gov. Gayle
for publication. It will be found full and
explicit, and all that any Southern man
could expect from a citizen of a free State.
Indeed, it is perfectly sound—all that the
South could ask—and stamps indelibly
with falsehood the charge of Abolitionism,
which the Locofoco press of the South
have been endeavoring to fix upon the dis-
tinguished and patriotic writer. There is
not a prominent man of any party north
of the Potomac, who is free from all taint
of suspicion of Abolition—none who, in feel-
ing or principle, is further removed from
fanaticism, more entertaining sounder or
more conservative views, and none more
ready to stand by the Constitution, and the
rights of the South guaranteed by the con-
stitution, than Millard Fillmore. Read,
Southerners, read.

Governor Gayle, in transmitting us the
letter, writes as follows:

MOBILE, 30th August, 1848.
DEAR SIR: I will thank you to publish
the enclosed letter in the Advertiser.
Before I left Washington I saw the South-
ern Democratic papers were asserting reck-
lessly, and as I believed, without the slight-
est foundation, that Mr. Fillmore was an
Abolitionist. I addressed him a letter on
that subject, and received the reply now
sent you.

Though this charge was made with blind-
ness in the South, I will venture to say
that no respectable man of either party in
the North would endorse it. Upon this
subject no man is sounder than Mr. Fill-
more, and as between him and Gen. Cass
an advantageous comparison could be made.
Respectfully, your obedient servant,
JOHN GAYLE.

ALBANY, N. Y., July 31, 1848.
Hon. JOHN GAYLE—
Dear Sir—I have your letter of the 16th
instant, but my official duties have been
so pressing that I have been compelled to
neglect my private correspondence. I had
also determined to write no letters for pub-
lication bearing upon the contest in the
approaching canvass. But as you desire
some information for your own gratifica-
tion in regard to the charges brought against
me from the South, on the slavery question,
I have concluded to state briefly my po-
sition.

When I was in Congress, there was much
agitation on the right of petition.—
My votes will doubtless be found recorded
uniformly in favor of it. The rule upon
which I acted was, that every citizen pre-
sented a respectful petition to the body that
by the constitution had the power to grant
or refuse the prayer of it, was entitled to
be heard; and therefore the petition ought
to be received and considered. If right
and reasonable, the prayer of it should be
granted; but if wrong or unreasonable, it
should be denied. I think all my votes,
whether on the reception of petitions, or the
consideration of resolutions, and in case of
the refusal of either of them to make such
engagement, that party refusing be com-
mitted to the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms
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with.

Boy! I say, you are engaged at
nothing in particular? Young Gen:—
You impudent young scamp, what are you
hallowing after me for? Boy: Oh, noth-
ing much; only if you ain't, I'd like to
borrow your upper lip, to polish my boots
with.

BOLTERS RETURNING.—Mr. Jno. R. Edie,
who headed the bolt from the June meeting
of the National American Council last year,
has determined to give his earnest support
to Fillmore and Donelson.

American Electoral Appointments.—ROG-
ER W. HANSON, American Elector for the State
at large, will address his fellow-citizens at the fol-
lowing times and places:

Elizabethtown,	Thursday,	10th;
Bardonia,	Friday,	11th;
Springfield,	Saturday,	12th;
London,	Sunday,	13th;
Campbellsville,	Tuesday,	14th;
Greensburg,	Wednesday,	15th;
Columbia,	Thursday,	16th;
Burkville,	Friday,	17th;
Albany,	Saturday,	18th;
Monicello,	Sunday,	19th;
Waverly,	Monday,	20th;
Barbourville,	Tuesday,	21st;
Manchester,	Wednesday,	22nd;
London,	Thursday,	23rd;
St. Vernon,	Friday,	24th;
Somerset,	Saturday	

The Garland.

Summary—BY MRS. MRS. BROWN.

This is the time of shadow and of flowers,
When roods gleam white for many a winding mile,
When golden breezes fan the lazy hours,
And balmy rest repays the time of toil—
When purple hues and shifting beams beguile
The tender senses of the heart-grown maid—
When the old grandeur seems, with placid smile,
The sun burn children's dream round his door,
And trilled birds cheer the cottage of the poor.

The time of pleasant evenings, when the moon
Rises accompanied by a single star,
And rivulets of the brilliant Summer noon,
In the clear radiance which she pours afar—
No stormy winds her hour of peace to mar,
Or stir the drowsy clouds which round her lay,
Beneath the wheels of her illuminated car,
While many a river trembles in her ray,
And silver gleams the sands round many an ocean bay.

Oh, the lush hours, hushed, afraid to best
In the deep silence of all other moods,
And home is sought with loath and lingering feet
As though that shining track of fairy ground
Once left and lost might never be found;
And happy seems the life that glazes lead,
Who make their nests where many banks abound.
In nooks where untroubled slumbers shed their seed
A caress speeding time the only road they need.

Miscellaneous.

Some of these Days—BY C. GRIEVE.

CHAPTER I.

I had a royal estate upon the Mississippi,
about a hundred miles above Orleans, managed
by a man who was both a treasure and a
curiosity; for he was perfectly competent,
entirely devoted to my interest, and supremely
loyal. He must have been purposely
devised to take charge of my business. I
think he was convinced of the fact—was
proud of it, and believed that Fate and Nature
had constituted him special guardian to my
helpless self.

Then I had bank stock and what property
in Orleans, which paid me a great income.
Christian Corke's nephew—a merchant
there—collected this and paid it to me half-
yearly. I had nothing to do even in my
own affairs. You have seen some people on
whom everybody waits, and whom the
world will not let help themselves. Well, it
seems I am one of that sort. Everybody
waits on me.

My father and mother slept under their
marble slab, among the orange trees. Once
I had a wee sister, long ago. Her little
urn glistened under the orange trees, too.
There was no one to control me, not even
dear old Aunt Deborah, who was my only
near relative, and who kept my house, be-
cause she did not know what that boy
George would do without some one to look
after him. In her eyes I was human per-
fection, and she waited on me even more
than the rest.

My own master, an ample fortune, and
nothing to do—what a trinity of qualities.
I read everything, from romances to poe-
tics—from bagatelles to science—from
poetry to politics—rode, hunted, and knew
society from Boston to Orleans. I felt very
comfortable, and was perfectly satisfied with
my world as it was.

I had reached the mature age of six-
and-twenty, without committing matrimony—
worse still, had never tendered heart and
hand to any one, and what some would
think the height of atrocity, had seen no
one to whom I had ever felt inclined to
make the proffer.

Was not this behaving badly? Aunt
Deborah thought so. True, she never
openly expressed the opinion, but for some
time she had "kept up a mighty hinting."
As time passed, her hints grew stronger—
One evening she unmasked her guns and
opened her battery upon me.

"George, do you know you were twenty-
six, last week?" said the old lady, looking
under her spectacles at me, as I lay on a couch
in the back parlor, teasing Una and reading
Juvenal.

"I have a vague idea of the fact, Aunt
Deb. All the servants came for presents, and
you had dinner enough for a regiment.
That looked like a birthday, somewhat."

"You are getting old fast, George,"
—she said, at the rate of one year every
three months. But that's about the
average, isn't it?"

"George, it is time you were married,"
said the old lady, with evident effect, lay-
ing aside blank cartridges, and shooting her
guns.

"What for, auntie?"
—Why, everybody gets married. Don't
you intend ever to be married, and do like
other people?"

"Well, I reckon so, Aunt Deb, some
of these days."

"Some of these days, indeed! Why
not now, George?"

"Well, Aunt Deb, if I was married, I
would have to be married to somebody, I
suppose, and I am sure I don't know any
one whom I want, and no one shows a great
desire for me."

Whereupon, my good aunt, with most
praise-worthy industry, passed in review
before me the whole catalogue of her young
and lady acquaintance—old and young—thin
and fat—long and short—blonde and brun-
ette—expecting on their merits as she
brought them forth, as a shopman would
show and recommend his wares, indulging
in that fine belief, universally entertained
by old lady relatives, that her nephew,
George, had only to designate a preference,
and the favored fair one would at once re-
cognize his right of election, and be but too
happy to take charge of his keys.

But I would not select one; on the con-
trary declined them all. Aunt Deb
looked quite sad. She would have been angry
if the thing had been possible, but it was
not; so, bidding me a mournful "good night,"
she betook herself to her room.

"Good night, Aunt Deb," I replied to
her. "Don't be uneasy, I'll get mar-
ried, just to please you, some of these days."

What should I get married for, I won-
dered, soliloquized I, after auntie had gone.
Married! bah, twenty years hence will do
for that, but not now, not now—some
of these days, some of these days—trim-
ming the light, stretched myself again upon
the lounge in the back parlor, and went on
with Juvenal.

After a while the servants came in, light-
ed up the front parlor with a profusion of
white flowers, and went off without say-
ing anything to me.

By-and-bye, persons, most of whom
were strangers to me, entered and ranged
themselves about the lighted room. They
had a sort of expectant look, and conver-
sed in low tones—none of them came into
my room, said anything to me, or in any
way recognized the fact of my existence,
though they could not very well help seeing
me. I was rather surprised at this, but sup-
posing it was one of Aunt Deb's church ar-
rangements, with which I never meddled,
lay still, waiting to see what would turn up.

Presently, a strange minister, whose long
white hair floated freely over his still ruddy
face and sacerdotal robes, took his stand
at the end of the room, and almost at the
same moment six couples entered, and ap-
proaching him, filed off to the right and left.

This looked marvelously like a marriage
to take place. Several of the gentle-
men were my own intimate friends, but I
did not know one of the ladies. It was

high time that I should know what sort of
capers were about to be cut, so, unexpect-
edly to me, in my own house, so laying
down the Juvenal, I patted Una on the
head to keep her quiet, and was about to
advance towards my company, when I saw
Aunt Deb standing at the door of the room
I was in, beckoning to me.

As a matter of course, I went to her, feel-
ing sure that she understood and could tell
me the how and why of this strange proce-
dure.

"Brownie is waiting for you, George,"
said Aunt Deb, in a low tone, as a young
lady in bridal dress and veil, stepped thro'
the door and stood before me.

She was indeed lovely. Hair of that rich
lustrous brown, which is the most beau-
tiful in the world—a clear semi-brunette,
with a nut-brown tint mingling with the
warm blond in her cheek—a large, full, dark
blue eye—a little active figure, yet round
and exquisite in its proportion, and a mo-
bility of feature, which telegraphed in the
face every feeling as rapidly as it entered
the heart. She was such a woman as I
had never seen before, and cannot remem-
ber that I had ever imagined.

Instinctively I extended my hand to her,
and when her mine met mine there was a
something in its clasp wholly new to me. It
seemed to wrap around mine, and the two
hands as it were absorbed by each other.

Almost unconscious of what I was do-
ing, and controlled by some influence, I
knew not what I placed her hand upon my
arm, and with my eyes fixed on her, we
advanced to the minister and took our
places before him. The solemn marriage
ritual of the Episcopal church proceeded,
made more solemn still by the deep pathos
of the old bishop's voice, and I, George,
pledged my faith to her—Brownie—under
the solemn sanction of the church. I lifted
her veil and pressed my lips to hers. I
had kissed bright lips before, many a time,
but never as now. There was a something
there, I have often since striven in vain to
know what, the memory of which will
cling to me forever. It seemed as if new
soul was entering into my soul, and ming-
ling with it, and that thereforward my be-
ing was to be different and dual.

I was about to fold her in my arms, to
take her as mine, as part of myself, when
a strange smile came across the old bish-
op's face, and separating us with his hand,
he said quietly—

"Not yet, George, not yet. You are hers,
and she is yours, but you must love her
more, and wish for her much longer,
before you can possess her."

I objected and argued in vain. To all
I urged the bishop replied only with his
strange cold smile, while the bridal cortege
closed round my wife and slowly followed
the bishop from the room, leaving me as-
tonished and half-stupified in the middle of
the floor.

Aunt Deb closed the procession. As she
passed out of the door she stopped a mo-
ment, faced round to me, and said with a
queer look on her face—

"Some of these days, George, some of
these days."

The lights went out one by one, leaving
me there. The night air grew chill and
damp around me. Una whined piteously,
and rubbed herself tremulously against
my knees, till she half aroused me from my
stupor, and I went up to my chamber, puz-
zled, pestered, and sadly out of humor.

I thought over the awkward position in which
I was, as well as my confused faculties
would permit, and finally went to sleep,
with a distinct determination to find out in
the morning, whether I was really and leg-
ally married to Brownie, and if I was, to
have her back in spite of all the bishops in
the universe.

CHAPTER II.

"What's the matter now?" I exclaimed,
half asleep, as I found myself roughly shak-
en.

"Time you was gotten up, Mass George.
Bofe bell's dun ring. Miss Deb she's
bin waitin' breakfast for you long time—
she says, please come," grunted Jim, a young
elony of a dozen years, when the butler
had taken to keep in the dining-room.

"Yes, sir, she is so, been dar ever so
long; I reckon she's dun set down and git up
again a dozen times. You aint sick nor
nothin', is you, Mass George?"

"Who else is at table with her, Jim?"
—"Der aint nobody else. Der aint nobody
else fur to be dar," ceptin you. Git up,
Mass George."

"Where are all those people who were
here last night?"
—"Well, der wart nobody here, as I knows
um, 'ceptin you and Miss Deb. Mass Corke
be cum to the house after sunset, but he
never cum in. All dem people—well, I de-
clare, you's dreamin' again, Mass George."

"Dreaming? Well, maybe I am, but I'll
soon see, and making my toilet as rapidly
as I could, went down, determined to know
upon what sort of pretence Aunt Deb had
ventured to entrap me into matrimony with
a lady I did not know, and then to spirit
her away as soon as I was married.

Before going to the breakfast-room, I
went to the front door and examined the
turf of the lawn. There was no trace of
wheels either upon the grass or carriage
track, and when I went in, the old lady
was sitting at the head of the table, looking
just as she always did, innocent, simple-
hearted, and good as she could be.

"Aunt Deb," I asked at length, "what
became of you, when you left the parlor
last night?"

"Went straight to bed, honey—that is,
after reading my bible a little while."
—"Nobody here last night, after sunset,
was there?"

"Nobody, that I heard of, George."
I looked hard at the old lady. It was
plain she was not deceiving me. It was
very odd, but no doubt, Jim was right. I
must have been dreaming.

But it was a strange dream; with an al-
most tangible reality I could see Brownie
there before me, with every line and line-
ament perfectly distinct, and the low rich
tones in which she repeated the marriage
vows were still sounding in my ear. It no
doubt was a dream, but still, was so far
a reality, that I felt that then and therefor
I was wedded to that woman, and never
would be any other.

That day my whole mind was taken up
with the memory of my dream and of
Brownie. As a matter of course, I scarce-
ly spoke to any one. Aunt Deb noticed it,
and supposed I was conning over her good
advice. After supper she drew her rocker
up to my couch and endeavored to improve
the occasion.

"Well, George, I hope you have been
thinking over what we were talking about
last night."

"What's that, Aunt Deb," I asked, rous-
ing myself with a start.

"Why, you know, I advised you to get
married, and you said you would think
about it."

"I intend to get married, Aunt Deb, by
all means."

"Do you, my dear George? I am so de-
lighted. Which of those women were you
talking about you intend to take?"

"Pshaw! Aunt Deb, you don't suppose I
would marry any of those girls do you? If
you do, you are very much mistaken."

"Well, I can tell you, sir, they are all
mighty good girls. If they want suit you
I should like to know who you intend to
marry?"

"Why, Brownie, of course."
—"Brownie! Who is Brownie? Brownie
who?"

"Why, the lady that—I can't tell you the
rest of her name just yet, Aunt Deb, all
I can tell you is that her first name is Brownie,
and that I shall be married to her."

"When was a nigger—when? Exactly the
thing I would like to know; but I did not
say, all I could do was to repeat what the
Aunt Deb of my dream said: 'Some of
these days.'"

Aunt Deb looked at me dubiously and
asked me no more questions then. But,
though the best old soul in the world, she
still was remotely descended from Eve, and
it was hard to know that a wedding was
on the carpet, and have her imagination
stop there. So, in the next week, at odd
times, she tried to get at Brownie's history,
and asked where she lived; whether her pa-
rents were living; how long I had known
her; when our engagement commenced;
why I had never told her more about it;
and when I was to visit her. On all these
subjects I had to fight very shy, but made
up for it when Aunt Deb wanted to know
if she was handsome, for there I was fully
posted, and gave her the old lady a full length
portrait, which threw her in ecstasies.

CHAPTER III.

"Things went on as usual for two or three
months. Though it was only a dream,
Brownie had become to me a real being,
my household friend, every-day companion,
and pure divinity; somebody to set with,
ride with, walk with, talk to—she was,
indeed, to me.

"A form of life and light,
Which soon became a part of sight,
And where'er I turned my eye
The morning star of memory."

I cared nothing for female society, and
when, as was not unfrequently the case, I
found myself among ladies, my strong ten-
dency was toward drawing comparisons be-
tween them and Brownie, weighing them
in the balance and finding them most lam-
entably wanting.

One bright afternoon in the early spring,
I was sauntering along the street in Mo-
bile, lazily smoking a cigar, and thinking
about Brownie, when I was met by a party
coming up. Seeing people close to me
I raised my eyes, and there, to my astonish-
ment and joy, stood Brownie herself be-
fore me.

Almost beside myself with happiness, I
sprang forward and clasped her in my arms.
She threw her arms round my neck, and our
lips met with the same warm, clinging kiss,
which made our bridal salute. Brownie
was a living, sentient being. We had really
been married. They had taken her from
me, and I had been fool enough to let them
do it, and let Aunt Deb, the old sinner,
make me think I had been dreaming. Well,
I had her once more, and I'd like to see
anybody separate us again.

"Oh, Brownie, dear Brownie," said I,
kissing her again and again, without think-
ing for a moment of what the passers by
would say. "I have you now, my own
dear, sweet little wife!"

"Not yet, George, not yet. Some of
these days," and there stood that confound-
ing old Bishop, with his strange smile and
silver tones. He put his hand on my arm
and unwound it, with the other hand lifted
Brownie into a carriage, and leaping in af-
ter her with an activity surprising in so
bulky a man, drove off.

But he was not to elude me so, and, as
the carriage started, I made a desperate
spring after it and caught the door with my
right hand. There was a wild shriek, and
I found myself hurled with violence to the
ground.

I gathered myself up and looked. I was
not in Mobile but in the back parlor. Con-
found it, I had been dreaming again. When
I sprang after Brownie, my foot came down
upon Una. Her yelp was the shriek I had
heard. Her struggles upset me. For aught
I know I may have been hugging and kiss-
ing the sofa instead of Brownie.

CHAPTER IV.

Aunt Deb found me packing my trunk.
—"What is that for, George?" queried the
old lady.

"Going somewhere, ma'am," I replied,
dudily.

"Certainly, Aunt Deb, where else should
I go?" and I went on packing my trunk
with the determination of finding Brownie
if she was above ground, and of marrying her
if I did find her.

It was a beautiful spring day when I set
out, and I began by getting into the Missis-
sippi, spending a few days with this friend
more with that, until at last I found my-
self on the Ohio river, at a pretty little
town upon the Virginia shore.

An Ohio river mail boat came along and
I took passage in her, intending to go to
Pittsburgh, strike across the country east-
ward, and perhaps go to Cape May or Saratoga,
or wherever else chance might lead me.

As I stepped on the boat, in the dusk,
I met an old college mate, and lighting a
cigar from his, stood near the gangway talk-
ing to him without entering the cabin, until
between ten and eleven o'clock, when the
boat stopped at the Wheeling pier.

"Clear the gangway there, gentlemen—
out with the mail bags. Hurrah for the
baggage there, boys," shouted the mate.
—"We're two hours behind time, and must
not hang here a second longer than we can
help. Push on now with your ladies, sir,
every body's ashore but you; hate to hur-
ry you, but carry the mail and 'hind time.'"

As the ladies pushed to were hurried
past, a low voice, which seemed very fam-
iliar to me, said—
—"I hate to leave this boat for I know he's
on it."

"Pshaw, coz, you're foolish. You'd have
seen him if he had been, and you say you'll
know him."

"Yes, and I know he's here."
I stepped forward to see who they were
—at that second the plank was drawn up,
the lashing thrown off, and the boat began
to sheer from the wharf. At the same mo-
ment the ladies turned to look at the boat.
The lamp fell full on their faces, and there
stood Brownie on the pier.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "go ashore here."
—"Too late, sir," sung out the mate,
"could not stop now, sir, for the President
himself."

"It is very important that I should go
ashore here. I'll pay any amount if you'll
stop."

"Couldn't, sir, if you'd give me all Vir-
ginia." "Taint no sort of use to talk about
it"—hind time."

"Well, tell me who were those last la-
dies who went ashore?"
—"Can't tell, sir, came aboard since din-
ner, going east—eastern people, may be."
I cast my eyes mournfully towards the
wharf, where Brownie still standing,
and waved my handkerchief towards her.
She returned the signal. Just then, some

one on the upper deck sang out, "Not yet,
George, not yet, some of these days." I
turned round with a stamp to confront the
old bishop, but it was only a dead hand
shouting to one of his fellows.

Well, bad as it was, the evil was not
without its solace. This time I was not
dreaming. Brownie was now real. She
was going east, so was I, and I knew that
we must meet some of these days, if not
sooner.

I hunted Philadelphia and Cape May,
New York and Saratoga, Boston and New-
port, but Brownie was not to be seen.
I came at last to the conclusion to stop look-
ing for her, and trust to Providence to bring
us together.

After cruising around, I was going from
Washington to Philadelphia to join a party,
when the train stopped as we got near the
Relay House. Another train was moving
slowly by. I was leaning my head listless-
ly against the car window, when, from the
opposite car, I heard some one exclaim,
"Oh, there he is, look!" I turned my head
carelessly, and there at the car window,
for one second, I saw Brownie looking at
me, her eyes radiant and her cheeks glow-
ing. The other second, the engines let on
their steam, the trains rushing away in op-
posite directions, and I could see only a
handkerchief fluttering from the window.

I hunted up the conductor at once; as a
matter of course, he was in the furthest car.
It was impossible for him to stop the train.
If he did I could never catch the other.

"Never mind, colonel," said he, consoling-
ly, "you'll have better luck next time,
and light on your friends some of these
days!"

"Hang some of these days. Where was
the train going?"

"Which train was it? One was going
south, the other west. I had noticed both
the one, so I only knew that Brownie was
going somewhere away from me."

My Philadelphia party determined to go
to the Virginia Springs, and a few days saw
us half covered with dust emptied from a
stage coach at the White Sulphur. It was
the height of the season and the crowd ter-
rendous. Eatables were rare at any price,
and money could command no better lodg-
ing than a very small mattress upon the
ball-room floor. As fair feet were mov-
ing over that floor until midnight, and then
some fifty of us were turned loose into the
one room, a single night's experience sat-
isfied me, and I went over to the old Sweep,
where some one told me accommodations were
to be had.

They gave me a good cabin on a grassy
hill-side. I plunged into the bath, the most
glorious one, I think, in the world, took my
nap, ate a capital supper and dressed; by
that time the band was audible in the ball-
room. Everybody seemed good, and as I
had nothing else to do, I went too.

The ball-room was crowded, especially
near the door, and it was difficult to get
in. Once in, I ascertained that the centre
of the room was occupied by a huge cotton-
wood of half a dozen or more couples to a
side, while the lookers-on stood around
half a dozen deep. As a man will do in a
press of business, I slipped my coat and tie
off, and began to look over the crowd to
see if I could see any familiar faces.

Before me stood a very pretty girl, lean-
ing on the arm of a fine handsome fellow,
chatting away in high glee about the
occurrences of the day. As a matter of
course I was obliged to hear every word
they said.

"Where's your cousin?" he asked, pres-
ently.

"In her cabin," was the reply. "She
will be in after while. She's a little nerv-
ous, to-night. I declare it is so funny;"
and the bright young thing leant back
her head and laughed, as if she was enjoy-
ing something hugely.

"What makes her nervous this evening;
does she expect a declaration?"

I do not know that she does; but she has
been saying for the last two hours, that
he is here, and they are to meet now at
eleven o'clock. The improvements consist
of a new frame dwelling, of good size, and
convenience, with necessary outbuildings, and never fail-
ing water.

Also, a TRACT OF LAND, situated on the
Frankfort road, one-half mile from the Farm,
containing 100 acres in a high state of cul-
tivation. The improvements consist
of a new frame dwelling, of good size, and
convenience, with necessary outbuildings, and never fail-
ing water.

I will sell them together, or separately.
Persons wishing to purchase should call on
themselves, before purchasing elsewhere. Call
on the subscriber on the premises.

Dec 19, 1855. WILLIAM W. PARISH.
1831

BULLKIN FARM FOR SALE.
THE undersigned wishes to sell his FARM, con-
taining 100 acres, lying in Shelby county, Ky.,
7 miles northwest from Shelbyville, and four
miles from the Louisville and Nashville Rail-
road, on the waters of Bullkin. About 125 acres
cleared, and in a fine state of cultivation; the remainder
is under forest, and is a high state of cul-
tivation. The improvements are good, and the farm is well wa-
tered. For further particulars, address the undersigned
at Smithfield, Henry county, Ky.

March 5, 1856. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Jr.
em84

SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.
ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1856, we
will sell at public auction, THE FARM of
RICHARD S. OWEN, situated on the Frankfort
Road, in the southwestern part of Shelby
county, ten miles from Shelbyville, and 23 miles from
Frankfort, and not more than five miles from the
turnpike leading from Taylorville to Louisville.
The farm contains about 500 acres, about 250 of
which are in cultivation, and the balance well
wooded. On the farm is a comfortable
dwelling, with eight rooms; also necessary barns
and out-buildings. It is one of the best of stock
farms, and can be made to grow on a portion of
it. The whole of it is excellent wheat and corn land.
Any one desiring to see the farm, can do so
by applying to the undersigned, or to James McGrath
on the premises.

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which are in cultivation, and the balance well
wooded. On the farm is a comfortable
dwelling, with eight rooms; also necessary barns
and out-buildings. It is one of the best of stock
farms, and can be made to grow on a portion of
it. The whole of it is excellent wheat and corn land.
Any one desiring to see the farm, can do so
by applying to the undersigned, or to James McGrath
on the premises.

Dec 19, 1855. WILLIAM W. PARISH.
1831

BULLKIN FARM FOR SALE.
THE undersigned wishes to sell his FARM, con-
taining 100 acres, lying in Shelby county, Ky.,
7 miles northwest from Shelbyville, and four
miles from the Louisville and Nashville Rail-
road, on the waters of Bullkin. About 125 acres
cleared, and in a fine state of cultivation; the remainder
is under forest, and is a high state of cul-
tivation. The improvements are good, and the farm is well wa-
tered. For further particulars, address the undersigned
at Smithfield, Henry county, Ky.

March 5, 1856. WILLIAM CRAWFORD, Jr.
em84

SHELBY FARM FOR SALE.
ON WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1856, we
will sell at public auction, THE FARM of
RICHARD S. OWEN, situated on the Frankfort
Road, in the southwestern part of Shelby
county, ten miles from Shelbyville, and 23 miles from
Frankfort, and not more than five miles from the
turnpike leading from Taylorville to Louisville.
The farm contains about 500 acres, about 250 of
which are in cultivation, and the balance well
wooded. On the farm is a comfortable
dwelling, with eight rooms; also necessary barns
and out-buildings.